Franka Potente, *Bourne Identity*

In midst of ACTION-
bushwah in a Europe where
even the modern looks decayed

and rain must smell like piss,
she snaps the best ex-
periential line at

hunted, whacked-brain Matt:
“NOBODY does the right thing.”

Ah the jaundice of the young!
I think it’s all of it called
Existentialism. Here,

people are fucked
till their ears fall off, but

it’s unrelentingly sunny.
O Bright Fascism!